NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 17.—VOL. XIX. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1807. 955.

THE TRAVELLER,

A FRAGMENT.

(Concluded.)

At a ball given in honour of his arrival, he saw Rosabell—was charmed with her, and having no person to consult, waited the next day on my friend, made proposals which were received with pride by Rosabell, and with transport by her father.

'Tis true, when Henry departed for his uncle's, they both wished him success; but at that time it did not seem possible that an earl would wish to form an alliance with their family: they both now saw things in a different point of view; they did not think it likely that the rich man would consent, and now they did not wish he should. Poor Rosabell, elated by the splendid prospects which courted her acceptance, flattered by the preference of the youthful earl, and hurried by her father's ardent wishes to see her a countess, in a moment of vanity, gave her promise to become lady D——— whenever her father chose; and thus she bartered happiness for wealth. From that day Henry was forgotten, or thought on with indifference, by both father and daughter; the latter contented herself with determining, when she was a lady of fortune, to promote his interest in any way of life most congenial to his disposition.

The preparations at the castle to receive its new mistress were as splendid as if she had brought thousands to her fortune. Lords and ladies were invited, and the whole town wore a face of joy and hilarity on the occasion.

On the wedding-day the sun shone, the bells rung: the gentry and farmers for miles round came to witness the ceremony. The bride, attended by several ladies of distinction, alighted on the other side of the rivulet, and was preceded by a number of young women strewing flowers to the church door. The happy bridegroom led Rosabell through admiring crowds. When they were about to enter the church, a man rushed past them, muffled in a horseman's coat; but they were too happy to notice him, and was immediately joined in the indissoluble bands of marriage. On their return to their carriages, they were obstructed by a crowd who were carrying the body of a man which they had taken from the water, and which they seemed to try to conceal from the view of the company.—However, the bride gave one look at the poor wretch, and instantly knew it to be the body of Henry!—the man muffled in the horseman's coat, who had rushed from the church porch.—She fell back in a strong fit: she recovered from the fit, but her senses were gone for ever.

Henry had seen his uncle, who, unable to withstand the anxious request of his darling boy, had given his consent to his marriage with the object of his heart's affection; and giving him notes to the amount of several thousand pounds, bid him haste to his bride, and prepare her to receive an old man who was determined to love her.

Henry instantly commenced his journey back, nor would he write, thinking to surprise his Rosabell by his quick return, and the agreeable news he brought. He entered his native town unnoticed: the bells were merrily ringing;—every face wore an air of joy. He enquired the cause—the answer electrified him: he hastened to the church, and, drawing the cape of his coat up, beheld his adored Rosabell cheerfully advancing to the spot he occupied, her hand locked in that of lord D———. Rage, despair, and madness, fired his brain;—he rushed to the river, and plunging in, sunk to rise no more, though he was an excellent swimmer, and hundreds witnessed the rash act.

The notes were found in his pocket-book, with a letter from his uncle addressed to Rosabell, wishing her all happiness with his boy, and promising to come to the wedding. This letter was very imprudently given to the bride who read it with silent despair.

The following Sunday the body of the unfortunate youth was carried to its early grave, by young men and maids. This plain stone explains his fate.

Rosabell is neither deterred by the summer sun, nor the winter frost from visiting this spot, and adorning the tomb of the constant Henry with the sweetest flowers. The earl indulges her in this: he will not suffer her to be deprived of liberty, but employs proper persons to attend her.

The marriage has never been consummated, and the earl, who loves her with the tenderest affection, is, perhaps, the most miserable man in existence. As the sight of him added terribly to her disorder, he tore himself away, and has been travelling for more than two years, and only returned to the castle last night; hoping time had softened his lady's sorrows and resentments against him. But, on seeing him, the wretched Rosabell immediately flew from the castle with horror; nor could her favourite attendant, who you beheld with her, prevail on her to return. She said the earl was her accomplice in the murder of Henry, and it would be an insult to his departed spirit if she spoke to him.

Lord D———, shocked and grieved beyond measure, left the castle at midnight, with his mind little more composed than the fair lunatic's; indeed his friends fear he will be in the same unhappy situation as his lady."

The traveller unable to conceal the strong emotions which the soldier's narrative had excited, turned abruptly from him, and with upraised eyes and clasped hands, exclaimed—"Most just and wise Sovereign of the universe! pardon the impatience of a wretch who dared to question thy justice, and who doubted thy wisdom! Oh merciful creator! who delightest not in the miseries of the creatures thy power has formed, restore the lost reason of this victim to lenity, nor break the bruised reed!—And oh! punish not a repining worm with the grant of wishes, which must plunge in endless woe the self-sufficient wretch who presumed to question eternal wisdom!—who, because riches were denied, caviled at the dispensations of Providence, and madly and ungratefully overlooked the blessing of health and peace of mind!—From henceforth let Augar's prayer be mine:—"Give me neither poverty nor riches, lest I be full and deny thee, and say, who is the lord? or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain."

DIFFERENT PERIODS OF LIFE.

The oak, as well as the weed, has its rise, maturity and decay. It is now a tender shoot, now a towering tree, and now a prostrate, mouldering trunk. This is a striking emblem of human life. In the morning, man comes into existence, at noon attains his meridian greatness, and at eve—disappears. His infancy is a state of ineffable dependance. He is surrounded by wants, and exposed to numberless ills. To nourish and protect this helpless being, demands all the exertions of parental affection, sympathy, and love. While the feeble frame is acquiring consistence, a trivial misconduct in its attendant is often sufficient to deprive the eye of sight, to break a limb, or dislocate a joint, and thus to cloud its parent's brightest prospects. Turn a twig from its proper course, and its beauty, perhaps its utility, is destroyed for ever. Its growth only increases its deformity. This is the case, both in regard to the body and intellect of a child. But if this son of mortality avoid the evils, incident to infantile years—if he survive the frosts of spring, and reach the summer of life, he displays a different appearance: All his mental and corporeal powers have arrived at their acme, and it is then, he exhibits the superiority of his nature.

Is he a savage? he can bend the almost inflexible bow, and hurl the arrow to its destined mark. He can endure the longest chase, attack and subdue the stoutest rover of the wood, and lug the victim home. He can aim the bloody hatchet, stab and scalp the foe, and fill the forest with his barbarous yells.

Is he civilized? he can change nature herself. He can alter the courses of mighty rivers, cover the ocean with the waving canvass—and form villas, towns, and cities, where once were seen the frightful wilderness and the midnight owl.

Is he a sovereign and an ambitious warrior? he can collect armies and lead them to battle and to victory. By artifice and military valor, he can extend the limits of his domain, add to it province after province, and kingdom after kingdom, till, like an Alexander, he has conquered the world.

Is he a *modern* philosopher? he can develope all mystery. He can make tides of polar ices; and demonstrate, with equal ease, that the earth sprung from a comet, or an egg shell. He can explain all the phenomena of nature, ransack the archives of Heaven, and dictate the Almighty. He can prove the bible a fiction, death an endless sleep; and can liberate mankind from the thraldom of custom and religion. He can break the sacred bonds of nature and society,

revel in the spoils of innocence and virtue, and die—in agony.

Is he a *true* philosopher? his employment is to view and admire the vast and complicated machine of the universe. He holds the sun with his attendant spheres; he extends his glance to the discernable stars, and thence, by analogy and the assistance of fancy, he discovers new suns and systems, till he is lost in the labyrinth of thought. In his boundless range of creation, he finds no inconsistence, no jaring discord, all seems the effect of infinite power and of infinite design. He looks around him, and reasons from effect to cause, till he discovers the prime Mover, and beholds his perfections as strikingly manifested in the mechanism of an insect, as in the organization of worlds. This is the second and noblest period of life.

Look forward a few years; and where is this mighty being, this lord of earth, this almost angel? You see him marked by the corrodings of time, and deprived the energies of youth and manhood. You see him, it may be, friendless and indigent, with crutch in hand, limping down life's declivity; and soon he steps, perhaps unprepared, from the stage of mortal existence, and meets his GOD.

LAURINDA.

ANECDOTES.

MACCUS a famous cheat, coming into the shop of a shoemaker at Leyden, and saluted him:—casting his eye upon a pair of boots that hung up, the shoemaker asked him if he would buy them? The other seemed willing; they were taken down, drawn on, and fitted him very well. "Now," said he, "how well would a pair of double soled shoes fit these boots!" They were found, and fitted to his feet upon the boots. "Now," saith Maccus, "tell me true, doth it never so fall out, that such as you have so fitted for a race, as you have now done me, run away without paying?" "Never," said the other. "But," said he, "if it would be so, what would you do then?" "I would follow him," said the shoemaker. "Well," said Maccus, "I will try," and thereupon began to run. The shoemaker immediately followed, crying, "Stop thief, stop thief!" At which the citizens came out of their houses; but Maccus laughing, "Let no man," said he, "hinder our race, for we run for a cup of ale." Whereupon all set themselves quiet spectators of the course, till Maccus had quite run away;—and the poor shoemaker returned sweating and out of breath, and declared how he had been dealt with.

AN Italian Prince, whose dominions were not very extensive, being informed that a certain Frenchman at court had spoken rather sneeringly of him and his intentions, sent to him to say he banished him his kingdom, and gave him three days to depart. "He is too bountiful," replied the Frenchman, "to grant me so much time; three quarters of an hour would be quite sufficient."

REMARK.

Be not hasty in thy tongue, and in thy deeds slack and remiss. Let not thine hand be stretched out to receive, and shut when thou should repay.

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

'COME! why so slow? you'll sure be ta'en—
Quick man, we've lost the day;
'Nay Captain, I'm among the slain,
And shall no more away;
My grave is made—but now depart,
Ye dear companions of my heart!

Yet halt awhile: Ned's swift of foot,
Stay Ned—lad, e'er you go,
Affection deep has taken root,
And gives my bosom woe—
This well-stored purse, my babes and wife,
'Twill cheer their hours of lingering life.

And in my knapsack thou wilt find
Some spunk to of gold,
Take them thyself—a watch—be kind,
That watch, my father's old,
He'll count the slow and tedious time,
Since death has robb'd me of my prime.

To fight the battles of my king,
To act a manly part,
My country more of fame to bring,
I feel the killing smart,
And fall—but see, now comrade fly—
Yon musket levels, and—I die!'

INVOCATION TO PIETY,

BRIGHT offspring of the skies! O, hither come,
And with thee bring thy fair attendant train;
Here Faith and Hope, shall find a welcome home,
And Charity a sure asylum again.

Bright offspring of the skies! O, hither come,
And shield this breast from sin's destructive dart;
Teach me no more in search of peace to roam,
But shed thy tranquil influence o'er my heart.

Led by thy hand, life's varied paths shall bloom
With flowers less trancient than have bloom'd before
Thy smile shall dissipate affliction's gloom,
And bid the child of sorrow weep no more.

TO-MORROW.

A bankrupt in trade, fortune frowning on shore,
All lost save my spirit and honour;
No choice being left but to take to the oar,
I've engag'ed in the ——, Captain ——:

But though the wind calls me, some few words to say
To Polly these moments I borrow;
For surely she'll grieve that I leave her to-day,
And must sail on the salt seas to-morrow.

Nay weep not, though Fortune her smile now denies,
Time may soften the gipsey's displeasure,
Perhaps she may throw in my way some rich prize,
And send me home loaded with treasure.

If so lucky, Oh! doubt not, without more delay,
Will I hasten to banish your sorrow:
And bring back a heart which adores you to-day,
And will love you as dearly to-morrow.

But, ah! the fond hopes may prove fruitless and vain,
Which my bosom now ventures to cherish:
In some perilous fight I may haply be slain,
Or o'erwhelm'd in the ocean may perish.

Should such be the fate of poor Tom, deign to pay
To his loss a fit tribute of sorrow;
And sometimes remember our parting to-day,
Should a wave be my coffin t-morrow.

EPIGRAM.

A *Quaker* boasted, with a strange delight,
Whate'er he did was always surely right:
'True,' says a *parson*, 'but pray where's the merrit,
He can't be wrong who's guided by the *spirit*.'

From the Lady's Monthly Museum.

IN the taste for the marvellous and wonderful that now exists, when every romance is filled with bars, lights, noises, and visions, and when the sublime and elegant style of Mrs. Radcliffe is attempted by every common-place novel-writer, the following fragment may act, perhaps as one small check upon their ridiculous productions.

FIDDLESTICK.

THE night was dark and cheerless,—thick clouds hung heavily on the horizon, and the cold piercing wind whistled horribly among the naked trees. Fernando pressed forwards to gain the next town ere total darkness overshadowed the earth; but vain were all his efforts—he lost his path in the almost trackless forest, and wandered for a considerable time unconscious where he went. At length, when almost worn out with hunger and fatigue, he espied a glimmering light at a considerable distance, and, animated with the hope that his dreary search was now concluded, he soon reached the friendly beacon. From the window of a small cottage he found the light proceeded, and for a considerable time vainly endeavoured to gain admittance: at length a man made his appearance at the window, and hastily demanded what might be his business. Fernando told him that he was benighted, and had lost his road in the intricate windings of this extensive forest—that he wished for shelter till morning, or, at least, be directed the nearest path to the neighbouring town. No sooner had Fernando explained his cheerless situation, than the door was immediately opened, and he was conducted, by an elderly man, into a neat and elegant parlour.—The furniture was simple, but beautiful, and the appearance of the room but little coincided with the meanness of the exterior. A choice library of books filled up one side of the apartment; implements for drawing were scattered in another; and every part of the room indicated the possessor to be a man of wealth and erudition. Scarcely had Fernando recovered from his first surprise, when his host disappeared, but soon returned with a most excellent repast, which he placed before our wearied traveler. Fernando ate heartily, and the host looked on with a smile of approbation. The midnight hour slowly sounded upon a deep toned clock, soon after Fernando had finished his refreshment; and, rising from his seat, the owner of the cottage requested to conduct him to his apartment. A winding staircase led to a neat and comfortable chamber, and wishing Fernando a refreshing sleep, our host retired. After a few reflections on the oddity of the adventure, our benighted traveller fell into a profound slumber. Not long, however, did he enjoy his calm and refreshing repose: a noise in the room suddenly awoke him, and looking up, he beheld, by the pale light of the glimmering moon, (which had just risen,) the fierce visage of a negro, with a bloody knife in his hand, bending over his bed. The negro slowly retreated, and beckoned him to follow. Convulsed with fear, Fernando arose, and slowly followed him, till they arrived at a dark and dismal dungeon. The negro now paused, and suddenly flashing the light of a dark lanthorn on the floor, Fernando beheld a sight that chilled his frame with horror. The ground was stained with blood, and several mangled carcases were suspended from the ceiling. The negro gave a grin of exultation, and, with his bloody knife, beckoned Fernando to retire. Almost deprived of life by the scene he had witnessed, Fernando retired to his apartment, and lay some time be-

bating what steps he should pursue. Morning at length appeared; the host knocked at his door, and with a smiling countenance requested him to take some refreshment before he left his cottage. A neat and elegant breakfast was placed before him: but who can express the horror of his feelings, when the same negro entered the room, and took his place behind the entertainer's chair! Fernando fortunately had guil sufficient resolution not to betray his feelings, and his host suspected not the workings of his mind. His horse at last came to the door; the same negro held his stirrups: Fernando hastily mounted, and spurring forward, soon lost sight of the cottage and its inhabitants.

Arrived at the next town he informed the chief magistrate of the sight he had witnessed, and officers of justice were immediately dispatched, with Fernando as their conductor, to bring to light this atrocious abode. the alguazils soon reached the lonely cottage, but were in no small degree surprised, when they found they had been conducted to the abode of the worthy but excentric Velasquez, the lord of this extensive forest. Thinking, however, that an investigation was necessary, they entered the house, and conducted by Fernando, came, not to the dismal and dreary dungeon, but to a well stocked larder, in which they found, not the murdered bodies of unfortunate travellers, but the inviting haunches of some plump and well-fed venison. A laugh now ensued, and upon a further inquiry, the real state of the case appeared.

It was customary with Velasquez, at this time of the year, to retire from the world, accompanied only by a dumb negro. Venison was his chief food whilst in this solitude, and his negro was the person who procured it.

It happened, that when Fernando arrived, the negro was out on this business, and was consequensly ignorant that a stranger was in the house. Velasquez, with a true spirit of benevolence, had given up his own bed to accommodate Fernando, and the negro, on his return home, had entered his master's room with an intention of conducting him to see his uncommon success.

Our readers will easily discover the flights of steps, and dismal dungeons, in poor Fernando's bewildered imagination.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JUNE 6. 1807.

The city inspector reports the death of 37 persons, of whom 13 were men, 9 women, 7 boys and 8 girls, during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of consumption 10, convulsions 5, casualty 1,* cholic 1, debility 2, decay 2, dropsy 2, drowned 1, bilious fever 1, typhus fever 1, gravel 1, hives 1, inflamma ion of the lungs 3, liver disease 1, still born 1, hooping cough 1, 1 suicide by laudanum and 2 murdered by the smallpox

* The case of casualty was a child, aged about 9 months, who died in consequence of a scald.

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Melancholy Accident.—Drowned, yesterday, about one mile above the rocks bridge in Haverhill, Mr. Joshua Wead, Capt. Mathew Pattingill Mr. Benjamin Cole, Mr. William Hoyt, Mr. Samuel Blanchard, and Mr. John Foss, all of Haverhill. This unfortunate and melancholy accident, was occasioned by the sinking of a boat:—On Saturday evening, Mr Wead, who was a master ship builder, with his men brought a brig down the river, which they had launched, and yesterday were returning in a boat with eleven men, and reached about a mile above the bridge, when, having considerable sail on the boat, and the wind blowing violently, she shipped a wave, filled, and immediately sunk, near the middle of the river, when, dreadful to relate 6 men of the 11 were drowned. One of the men, on reaching the shore, alarmed the neighbours, who assembled and proceeded to the place, but alas! too late, the unfortunate men were sunk; search was immediately made for the bodies, and about three hours after the sad affair, when the gentleman who communicated to us the information, left the place, only one was found, the search for the others was continued. Mr. Wead, was a worthy, industrious man; four of the others were ship carpenters, and one a blacksmith. The loss of these respectable and valuable men, will be severely felt in Haverhill. They have all left families to mourn their sudden and melancholy loss

Newburyport Gaz.

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Odd Freak of a Sailor.—On Wednesday of last week, between 9 and 10 A. M. a strange and irregular ringing of the great bell in the steeple of the Baptist Church excited alarm. As the time was unusual for public worship, and the quickness of the strokes occasionally resembled the mode practised in cases of fire, the sexton, who was about a quarter of a mile distant, immediately repaired to the church, to enquire who had assumed his office, but on his arrival found the doors fast. The bell still ringing, he demanded admittance; but receiving no answer, went home, returned with the keys, and on opening the belfry, found an English jack-tar sweating at the bell-rope. On demanding the reason for such conduct, the son of Neptune replied, that his *ould* landlady had died on that morning; that it was the custom in his country to *toul* the bell on such occasions; that he was the *ouldest* boarder, having messed three voyages at Mrs. ——'s; that his messmates were *raw hands*, and knew nothing of *dacency*; that he steered for the church, but finding the doors barred, had whacked and hailed, but no body answered from above or below; that finding a *dead-light* open, he *boarded*—had stood to the haulyards half an hour, and was glad an *officer* had come to give him a spell.—*Prov. Gaz.*

THOMAS HARRISON,

Late from London, Silk, Cotton, & Woolen Dyer, No 63, Liberty-Street, near Broadway, New-York, Can furnish the Ladies with the most fashionable colours. Ladies dresses, of every description, cleaned, dyed, and glazed without having them ripped.—All kinds of rich Silks cleaned, and restored as nearly as possible, to their original lustre. Silk Stockings, bedhangings, Carpeting &c. cleaned and dyed; Gentlemen's clothes: cleaned wet or dry: and Calicoes dyed black, on an improved plan.

N. B. Family's residing on any part of the Continent & wishing to favor him with their orders, shall be punctually attended to and returned by such conveyance that is most convenient

December 6.

NOVELS, FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE:

Mrs. Opie's Tales 4 vol. Secret 4 vol. Cecelia 3 vol. Italian 2 vol. Beggar Girl 3 vol. Evelina 2 vol. Fleetwood 1 vol. Emeline 3 vol. Negro 2 vol. Don Raphael 2 vol. Clermont 2 vol. Theodora Cyphon Abbess 3 vol. Spectator 8 vol. St. Leon 2 vol. Vicar of Lansdown, What has Been, Castle of Otranto, Lord Rivers, Oakendale Abbey, Beggar Boy, Gonsalvo the Spanish Knight, Rigid Father, Old English Baron, She lives in Hopes, English Nun, Rosessau's Italian Nun, Royal Captives, Delaval, Zaida, Man of Feeling, D'Israilis Romances, Nature and Art, Prince of Britany, Charlotte's Letters, Haunted Cavern, Emelia de Vermont, Osmond, Arabian Nights, Tale of the Times, Ortenberg Family, &c. &c. Also, a few copies of the Father and Daughter, and Carr's Nothern Summer.

COURT OF HYMEN.

Most precious far than rubies, who can find
A wife embellished with a virtuous mind?
In her securely, as his Better part,
Her happy husband cheerful rests his heart.
With such a lovely partner of his toil,
His goods increase without the need of spoil.
Blessed in the friendship of his faithful wife,
He steers through all vicissitudes of life.

MARRIED,

On the 30th ult. by the Rev Bishop Moore, Alexander M. Beebe, Esq. to Miss Mary M. Roorbach, both of this city.

At Hearlem, on Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Romaine, Mr. William Kelly merchant, to Miss Eliza Wilkins, all of that place.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. John Williams, Mr Thomas Cave, merchant, to Miss Susan Sheldon, both of this city.

At West-Chester, on Thursday the 28th ult. Dr. William Hoffman, to the amiable Miss Charlotte Wilkins, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Wilkins, all of that place.

At Albany, Mr. Christopher Leffingwell, jun. son of Christopher Leffingwell, Esq. of Norwich, Conn. to Miss Margaret Cheseney, of this city.

At Elizabeth-town (N J.) on Thursday evening, the 28th ult by the Rev. Mr. Rudd, Mr. Joseph Carson, merchant, of Philadelphia, to Miss Elizabeth Lawrence.

At Rockland, near Wilmington, on Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Joseph Shaw, Rev. Thomas Hamilton, of New-York, to Miss Margaretta M Young, daughter of Wm. Young, Esq formerly of Philadelphia

On the 7th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Cummings, Mr. Andrew Shepherd, to Miss Mary Hillhouse, both of Wilkes county, Georgia.

MORTALITY.

"Then why should hapless mortals die?
Why should they shudder at a parting breath?
And why should Pity show a tearful eye,
When sighs and sorrows are extinct in death?

"Is it the soother of the soul's despair,
The surest solace to the sons of grief;
The weary pilgrim, seeks a shelter there,
And finds a certain and a long relief."

DIED,

On Sunday Morning at 11 o'clock, Mrs. Seaman, wife of Mr. Edmund Seaman, in the 54th year of her age.

On Wednesday morning, after a short and painful illness, Mrs Margaret Wisdom.

On Thursday morning, Capt. Nicholas S. Van Antwerp.

At Charleston, on the 17th of May, in the 31st year of his age, captain Josias Allston, of Georgetown, a respectable member of society.

At Philadelphia, on the 29th ult. in the 53d year of his age, John Craig, Esq. Vice President of the Chamber of Commerce of Philadelphia.

On Wednesday morning, after a lingering illness, Mr. John Sullivan, merchant, of this city. He sustained an unblemished character, and has left a wife and several children to mourn the loss of a most affectionate husband, and a kind indulgent parent.

But why should we complain,
His God, who lent him here below,
Has call'd him *home* again.

BOARDING SCHOOL.

The Misses Scribners, respectfully informs their friends and the public, that they continue their School in Stamford, where they teach Reading, and Writing, Arithmatic, English Grammar, Geography, Rhetoric, Drawing, Painting, Embroidery, and the various branches of Needle-work. Every attention will be paid to the morals and manners of the young Ladies who are intrusted to their care.

Stamford, April 4. 946—3m.

CISTERNS,

Made and put in the ground complete,—warranted right, by ALFORD & MERVIN,

No, 15 Catharine-st. near the Watch-house

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE DISCOVERY.

My Landlady knocked at my chamber this morning,
Who's there ?' I have come, Sir, to give you the warning,
That the ladies have sent for you over the way.'
'The ladies have sent ! What the devil's to pay ! !
'I know not,' (said she) 'but may-hap there's a ball,
A book or a party—I know not at all.'
Send compliments back—tell them I'll be in,
When I've sever'd the bristles that sprout on my chin—
To a man who has liv'd to see thirty long years,
And would marry whenever the right one appears,
To be sent for by ladies when just out of bed,
'Tis no wonder fond fancies should fly in his head.
How a fellow in such a predicament feels !
Notwithstanding, I dress'd me from head to my heels ;
Then in cap-a-pee order tripped over the way,
To hear what these nymphs of Kentucky might say.
My reception (so early) was rather too cool;
I talk'd some, I walk'd some, but felt like a fool.
After waiting an hour in awful suspence,
I took up my hat and was coming out thence;
When one of the ladies sent out for a beau,
Who instantly waited her orders to know ;
'I have only to tell you,' (said she) 'tis my rule
On the first day of April to—gaze on a fool !'
How they laugh'd at the fellow ! He turn'd to retire,
Swore he'd not call again should the house be on fire.
Then I, like a ninny, discover'd *my* case,
And the laugh was reiter'd five times in a place.
But the wit of it was, that the ladies for me
Never sent ! 'Twas the the trick of my landlady D.
So that when I return'd she was laughing all high,
To think what a fool she had made of POOR I

April 1. *Kentuckey Gaz.*

SONNET

TO THE HEART.

Say, trembling tenant of this pensive breast,
What lurking sorrow thus thy peace destroys;
Why melancholy sadness o'er thy joys
Thus broods, and cruel robs thee of thy rest !

Does some fair maid, for whom the heavy sigh,
In tone convulsive echoes round thy seat ;
Does she, alas ! the fond return deny,
Thy love demands, and love like thine should meet !

Hush'd be thy tumults wild—soon the cold grave
Shall o'er thy sorrows draw its icy veil :
And when all other means of comfort fail
Thy throbbing grief-wreck'd tenement to save,
The *tomb* shall be thy refuge—there thy woes
Will find, in death's cold arms, at last, repose.

INSCRIPTION

For the Tomb of a Mother and five of her Children.

Whatever a husband loves, or father mourns,
Within this sacred tomb to dust returns :
No single stroke the fell destroyer gave,
Five children share the tender mother's grave.
Here prattling childhood, gifted youth repose :
And here the eyes of ripening beauty close.
All that a parent deems his hope, his pride,
In silent slumber by their mother's side.

ON FORTUNE.

Fortune, that with malicious joy,
Does man, her slave oppress:
Proud of her office to destroy,
Is seldom pleas'd to bless,

NATURAL & ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

J. Greenwood, Dentist to the late President, George Washington,

Informs the public that he continues to perform every operation incident to the Teeth and Gums. Except extracting them unless it is necessary to do it for the purpose of replacing others.

J Greenwood fixes in both natural and artificial Teeth, from a single one to a complete set. The approbation which the late illustrious Washington was pleased to bestow on him, he flatters himself, is a sufficient recommendation of his abilities as a Dentist

Extract from General Washington's letter.

January 6, 1799.

" I always prefer your services to that of any others in the line of your present profession "

N. B. His prices are very moderate, and no person as yet has exceeded him in facility and neatness of performance.

Any person who has the least inclination of being benefitted by having their teeth preserved, or to have them replaced by artificial ones, and are deterred from it by bad advice or temerity, will do well by calling on J. Greenwood, and receive advice gratis, with every necessary explanation concerning the line of his profession, at his house No. 14 Vesey-Street, directly opposite the side of St Pauls church.

May 16.

PETER STUYVERSANT,

LADIES SHOE MAKER,

Has removed his store from No. 115 to his old stand No. 141 William street—where he has on hand a fresh assortment of Shoes of every description, and a variety of fancy Kid of all colours, Kid Sandels, Morocco, &c. all of the latest importation.

The most punctual attention to business in the bespoke line.

N. B. Shoes suitable for the Southern and West-India market. All orders will be executed with dispatch. May 23.

MILLENARY.

Mrs. Sarah Miller, respectfully informs her friends and the public in general that she has removed to No. 143 William-street, opposite the North-Church, where she has opened a large assortment of Fancy Millenary, consisting of Leghorn, Split-straw, and Willow Hats and Bonnets, Artificial and Straw Flowers and Wreaths; and an elegant assortment of Ribbons—together with a variety of Dry Goods, elegant Lace Veils and Cloaks, which she will dispose of at very reduced prices for cash only.

May 23.

Just received per ship Allegany, from Calcutta, and for sale by Mrs Todd, No 92 Liberty-street, an elegant assortment of fine worked pieces of

India Mullmuls, Gown patterns complete
Cloaks, Veils, Habit Shirts
Striped and checked Doorcahs
Remarkably fine plain Dacca and Nayansook Muslin
Striped and checked Seersuckers, new handsome
Boglepores of different kinds [figures
Handsome Kid Shoes and Slippers, and various other articles.

May 23.

NOTICE.

Wooffendale, Dentist, has removed from No. 84 Broadway, to No. 27 Partition-street, opposite the lower corner of St. Paul's church-yard

May 23 953—3m*

THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED,

By J. Osborn, at his Circulating Library and Book-Store, No 13 Park, Price 75 cents,

A satirical Poem, entitled,

FASHION'S ANALYSI,

OR,

A WINTER IN TOWN,

BY SIR ANTHONY AVALANCHE,

With Notes, illustrations, &c.

By Gregory Glacier, Gent

Argument to part 1st.

Invocation—sentiment at a ball—sound logic— a fop—a woman that *would be* fashionable—fashionable woman—a family picture—dialogue between a modern mother and her daughter—Brag at full length—a modern tea party, a squeez, fashionable topics, the student in distress, real wit, sham wit, cards, gallery portraits, an enquiry after woman as she *should be*, conclusion

May 23 953 tf.

TORTOISE SHELL COMBS.

FOR SALE BY

N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER FROM LONDON,

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE *NO* 114, *BROADWAY.*

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies' ornamented COMBS, of the newest fashion.—Also, Ladies' plain Tortoise Shell COMBS of all kinds

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume 4 & 8s each.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream for taking off all kinds of roughness clears and prevents the the skin from chopping. 4s per pot

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns: and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 3s. 4s. 8 & 12s bottle, or 3 dolls per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s and 8s. per pot. Smith's tooth Paste warranted

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s 6d per lb

Violet double scented Rose 2s. 6d

Smith's Savoynette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate andfair, 4s. & 8s per pot, do paste

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion: likewise his Vegetable or pearl Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essence

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil, for curling, glossing and thickening the Hair and preventing it from turning grey, 4s. per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pamatums, 1s. per pot or roll. Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips, 2s and 4s per box. Smith's Lotion for the Teeth, warranted

Hispurified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving. 4s & 1s 6d

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaister, 3s per box.

Ladies silk Braces do. Elastic worsted and cotton Garters

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books

*** The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Penknives, Scissars Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn combs Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration which is not the case with Imported Perfumery

☞ Great allowance to those who buy to sell again

January 3, 1807

SAUNDERS & LEONARD,

No 104 Maiden-Lane,

Have on hand a constant supply of

Leghorn Hats & Bonnets,
Split straw do do.
Paper do.
Wire assorted sizes,
Artificial and straw Flowers,
do. do. Wreaths,
Leghorn flats by the box or dozen,
Paste boards,
Black, blue, and cloth sewing silks,
Sarsnets, white and pink,
Open work, straw triming and tassels.

With every article in the Millenary line by Wholesale only.

November 926—tf

PUBLISHED BY MARGT. HARRISSON,

NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.